

OHIO RIVER COAL MEN APPEAL

FOR RELIEF FROM ONEROUS RESTRICTIONS.

Washington, Dec. 8.—A committee representing the owners of steam tow boats, coal barges, etc., carry coal from the mines along the Great Kanawha river to the Ohio river markets, this afternoon called upon Secretary of War Dickinson to urge the removal of the restrictions against movable locks on the Great Kanawha so as to facilitate the shipment of coal to Cincinnati and other cities. The committee which consisted of Edward Shonebaum, Capt. Fred Hartwig, J. T. Hatfield, Edwin Marmet and Robt. P. Gilham, of Cincinnati, and Col. J. E. Dana, of Charleston, W. Va., were accompanied to the War Department by Senators Elkins and Scott, and Representatives Hughes and Gaines, of West Virginia. They presented a written petition to the secretary who intimated that he would act favorably upon it.

In the petition presented it is pointed out that ever since the completion by the Government of the system of locks and dams on the Great Kanawha, and until 1907, the engineer in charge at various times during low stages of water in the Ohio river partially lowered the weirs or dams below Charleston and allowed water from the pools to flow into the Ohio, which, together with the natural water in that stream, enabled the barges to be moved to market.

This could not otherwise have been done until late rains caused the rise in the river. It was urged that if the present rules were rescinded it would relieve the coal situation at Cincinnati and other points at this time and hereafter make practically impossible a shortage of coal in Cincinnati and other places on the Ohio river.

A week ago a slight rise came in the upper Ohio river, lacking but one foot of making sufficient water to move down the Ohio a fleet of 200 barges containing 2,500,000 bushels of coal which lay at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, with 14 tow-boats ready to move it, but the rule against maneuvering the locks and dams has made it impossible for the barges to move and they are still lying at the mouth of the Kanawha.

TREED BY DEER, GIRLS TRICK HIM

Danbury, Ct., Dec. 8.—Miss Estelle Hillers and her sister Bertha, daughters of Henry C. Hillers, a farmer living near Romford, were driven into a tree by a handsome but ungallant young buck deer, and suffered severely from cold until they were released through strategy on the part of one of the girls and the sacrifice of a part of her apparel.

The deer remained beneath the tree, tossing its antlers, and after half an hour had passed the predicament of the girls upon their chilly perch had become serious. They hoped for assistance from some passing hunter who would drive the deer away, if he might not kill it. Deer may be killed when caught destroying farm produce, but the Connecticut statutes say nothing about what shall be done to a deer that keeps two girls his prisoner in a tree on a winter's night.

The deer's antlers were just beneath the girls, and the elder sister thought of a plan to turn the tables on the animal. Slipping off a heavy undershirt, she swung herself down to the lowest limb of the tree, and, spread the garment wide, dropped it like bag over the horns and head of the animal. Then before the deer had a chance to recover from its surprise or shake off the encumbering garment, both girls slipped from the tree and escaped.

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DOCTORS' MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, her reason of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription directed to the cause, has entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in the condition of the female system.

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EDMUND HOYLE.

The Man Who Came to Be an Authority on Card Games.

Who was Hoyle, and why should his name be used as a sort of guarantee of correctness so that it admits of no doubt or question? asks a writer in Munsey's, who goes on to answer the question.

Edmund Hoyle was an Englishman, born near Halifax in the year 1672. Nearly 150 years before his birth there had been invented a game of cards which was originally called "trump." Its early history is obscure, as is the case with nearly all games at cards, but it was almost certainly English in its English game. The name was gradually shortened into "trump," and Shakespeare puns upon it in "Antony and Cleopatra."

"Trump" became very popular, but again the name was changed—it is not known precisely when—to "whisk," and later still to "whist," the word "trump" being retained to denote a card of the leading suit. Differences at play often led to violent disputes and sometimes even to duels, and it was left for Hoyle to establish all the points of the game with real authority.

Hoyle was of good family and was educated to be a barrister. His mind was essentially a legal mind—keen, judicious and logical. Living in London, he became greatly interested in the game of whist and gave to it the same thought and care which he would have given to an important case in court. Every evening he met with a regular company of whist players at the Crown coffee house in Bedford row, where some of the deepest players and most distinguished men about town used to gather.

Hoyle's acumen and the serious thought which he had given to the game made his opinion on any disputed point absolutely final. His name was noised abroad throughout all London, and a great many people used to come to him, begging him to give them lessons in whist. Finally, for the use of his pupils, he wrote a book, which he called "A Short Treatise on Whist," in which was embodied his notion of the correct way of playing the game.

Hoyle continued to give instruction in whist, and he also wrote books relating to other games at cards. The rules that he laid down were accepted by every one, so that when any dispute arose it was always decided "according to Hoyle." He lived to be ninety-seven years of age, dying in 1769.

Pitiable.

"Dreadful," moaned the opera singer, who had been robbed of \$1,000, "why it takes me nearly ten minutes of hard work to earn that much."

A SENSE OF HUMOR.

Oh, Yes, Every Man is Absolutely Certain He Owns It.

A sense of humor is something which every man possesses in a superlative degree. Men will admit they have no reverence, they will ill treat their wives, outdo their neighbors—will own up, indeed, to every crime on the calendar, but not to being devoid of a sense of humor.

And, moreover, the sense of humor belonging to every man is invariably "keen." The most stolid, phlegmatic person, who never gets near enough to the point of a joke to throw his hat upon it, will tell you with tears in his eyes that he never would have been able to have lived through it if it hadn't been for his sense of humor.

The worst offender, however, is the one who makes a business of exploiting this universally assumed trait. He takes you aside in a kind of jocular confidence.

"I couldn't begin to tell you," he declares, "all the funny things I see. I don't know why it is"—this with an air as if it were a heaven sent gift which he modestly is in no sense responsible for—"but anything funny—real funny—appeals to me. If I could only remember to set them down! But somehow I never think of it at the time."

He then proceeds to tell you of an incident that happened to himself—personally. You have heard the story perhaps ten years back—so far back, indeed, that you have almost forgotten it. But you wouldn't let your friend know that for the while.

When he has finished you laugh heartily. Long practice has trained you to laugh upon these occasions as if you really meant it, and you tell him that it is certainly one of the best things you have ever heard. Henceforth you avoid him. A burned victim dreads the man with a sense of humor.

Why is it that a man, modest in other respects, who, if he saved another's life would conceal it, boldly and unblushingly talks about his wonderful sense of humor without the slightest compunction?

Next to him comes the young girl of the family. Let us call her dear Mabel.

You've seen Mabel, of course? "Do you know," her mother declares, "that child sees the funny side of everything! You just ought to hear her! No matter where she goes it is always the same! Why, last night we sat up listening to her while she entertained us with what she saw on the trolley car—just think of it—and—well, I thought I should certainly split with laughter. Mimic! Perfect! And you ought to see the poetry she wrote! She'd be awful mad if she knew I was showing it. I wanted her to send it to the papers, but I couldn't persuade her. Isn't it perfectly splendid? I suppose she ought not to be encouraged too much. I have a friend who's a writer, and he advised me to keep her down. But it does seem as if talent like that ought to be put to use. Oh, you just wait till you hear her! Such a sense of humor!"

You don't wait. You love dear Mabel—at a distance. You sneak away in the gloaming. You have been there before. Henceforth when Mabel heaves in sight you put your helm hard a port and wear ship.

It has often been shyly intimated—by bachelors—that women have no sense of humor.

Yet think of the monumental joke every woman plays on a man when she marries him!—Success Magazine.

Throwing Stones at a Tiger.

Stone throwing is not without its uses in hunting the fiercest of game.

At the first sound the tiger walked out and up the opposite bank and fell to a general discharge. As he lay motionless one of the guns suggested our walking across to measure him, but I demurred to measuring a tiger before I was sure he was dead and insisted on someone throwing stones at him first. A large stone hit the tiger, who got up and lurched rather than charged in our direction, with the savage coughing grunt—you cannot exactly describe it as a roar—which a tiger makes when charging. There was another general fusillade as he dipped into the ravine, then a moment of strained suspense as to whether he would be up our bank and into the middle of us. He had had enough, however.—Colonel A. Durant in Cornhill.

Didn't Like His Looks.

A would be author called on Mr. Fields one day at his office in the old time Boston publishing house of Ticknor & Fields. Evidently the young man did not like Mr. Field's appearance, for this was the conversation that took place: "Is this Mr. Fields?" "It is, sir." "Mr. James T. Fields?" "I am he." "Well, then, I'd like to see Mr. Ticknor!"

A BIT OF ADVICE

First—Don't Delay. Second—Don't Experiment.

If you suffer from backache; headache or dizzy spells; if you rest poorly and are languid in the morning; if the kidney secretions are irregular and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. The kidneys are calling for help. Slight symptoms of kidney trouble are but fore-runners of more serious complaints. They should be given attention before it is too late.

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